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**THE MERRY OF GOD IN OUR CHAS-  
TISEMENTS.**  
A SENSE OF JUDGMENT UNTO RIGHTEOUSNESS THE  
ONLY CONDITION OF OUR SALVATION.

Part of a Discourse delivered on Thanksgiving Day in the Church of the Puritans, by Rev. Dr. Cheever, on Psalm 94:12-15. "Blessed is the man whom thou chastisest, O Lord; teach us thy way. Show us thy way, O Lord; teach us thy truth. Thy way is truth, and to thy way we rest out of thy law, that is, we rest not; for thy way is truth, until the pit be digged for the wicked. For the Lord will not cast of his people, neither will he forsake his inheritance; but judgment shall return unto righteousness, and all the upright in heart shall follow it."

(Concluded.)

**INFAMY OF THE PLEDGE OF NON-INTERFERENCE.**

Considering the declared ends of government, this doctrine of non-interference for the deliverance of the enslaved is the highest audacity of impurity against God. For what end was government appointed, and commissioned of God with the power of the sword, but on purpose to intercede against such wickedness, and protect the innocent victims of such atrocious cruelty? It would be unconstitutional; the right of stealing men is a sovereign State right, an inalienable reserved right of popular sovereignty, and we cannot constitutionally touch slavery, or prohibit it, where it is, though we may interfere with it, where it is not.

But it is worthy to be noted that it was not till this impurity had been put into the creed of the ruling party, and that party professing all the while, to be the party of freedom, and bringing into power by that profession, that God himself interfered, and put the whole country under the judgment of this rebellion and war.

They have agreed not to interfere, have they? and have set that as an article in their covenant, a plank in their platform. By that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.

The article of non-interference was the article by virtue of which President Lincoln was elected. The profession of freedom was not which gave this political party its predominance, but it could not have carried its Presidential candidate (at least, that was the conclusion) except by means of the pledge not to interfere with slavery where it was. President Lincoln owed his election to that pledge; a pledge that, as the governor of this nation, if the people elected him, he would refuse to do that, for the doing of which governments are appointed of God, a pledge full of impurity on the part of the nation which required it of its ruler.

That they did require it, is the record of history, nor could President Lincoln have been elected but for that pledge. He was elected upon the condition, and immediately after his election, and before his inauguration, the whole Congress of our national representatives, led by the party of freedom, so called, passed the following resolution, namely, "that neither the Federal Government, nor the people, nor the governments of the non-slaveholding States, have the right to legislate upon, or interfere with slavery in any of the slaveholding States of the Union."

Following upon that, came, very naturally, the infamous proposal amendment of the Constitution in behalf of slavery, in the following words, namely, "No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere with any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, or of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said State."

Here were pledges taken, not only not to interfere, not to attempt the deliverance of the enslaved, but to bind all future governments not to interfere; and a bond entered into, to forbid such interference, and make it forever impossible, by the terms of the Constitution itself. This climax of impurity having been reached, this pledge of non-interference taken by the President and the party that brought him into power, God immediately took him at his word, and the party and the nation with him. God plunged the country, for this very crime of slavery, into this bottomless rebellion and war, and that done, he left us to see whether we could work ourselves out of this misery by non-interference.

And he left us to see that it was precisely that wicked pledge of non-interference, that, thus far, had proved our ruin. Had it not been for that determination not to interfere with slavery, we should, at the very outset, have struck at the heart of the rebellion, and killed it. But President Lincoln, and the Government, and all the pro-slavery generals, and the army under them, adhered obstinately to that plank in the platform, although, in so doing, after the rebellion had broken into open war, they were using it as a bridge for the enemy to pass over to our conquest. Every measure of adherence to that pledge, every proclamation of our intention not to interfere with the domestic institution, has been a measure of aid and comfort to our enemies.

Yet President Lincoln's honesty has been shown, especially in his obstinate adherence to that pledge. In the biography of Amos Lawrence there is a letter to him from a distinguished Southern politician, in which he assured him that "no sober and honest man at the North would ever interfere with slavery at the South." Perhaps it is in this sense that President Lincoln has received the *soubriquet* of the honest man. Having pledged himself not to interfere with slavery, he continued honest to that pledge, till by that means, the country has been brought to the brink of ruin.

For even when the Republican party itself, and every clear-thinking man in the country, felt that we must interfere with slavery, that the compact of non-interference could no longer be kept, that we were released from it by the rebellion itself, and that interference against slavery had become a military necessity, even then President Lincoln refused to interfere, and forbade his generals from interfering. And this "policy" of non-interference has sustained the rebellion thus far, and caused it to grow to its present gigantic and perhaps unconquerable strength, certainly unconquerable unless we put an end to slavery.

# The Principia.

## First Principles in Religion, Morals, Government, and the Economy of Life.

VOL. III.—NO. 39.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1863.

WHOLE NO. 143.

### RETRIBUTIVE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Thus it is, that in the inscrutable retributive working of God's righteous providence, the unwise, unrighteous pledge of non-interference against slavery used to secure the election of a Republican President, has proved the one grand means of strengthening the rebellion, and the one grand obstacle to our success in the war. In the page of history there is no more remarkable instance of a righteous providential retribution. You refused to do justice to the enslaved, you would not interfere to deliver the oppressed out of the hand of the oppressor, you pledged yourselves not to interfere, and the fulfillment of that pledge is your own inevitable ruin. You would not be faithful to that which is another man's, and now God has made that very unfaithfulness the cause and reason for your failing to get possession of that which was your own.

We have professed an inability to redress this wrong, because we have pretended that it would have been a violation of the Constitution to attempt any such redress, and the act of justice would have been attended with greater evils than the continued permission of the injustice; as if there could be possibly a greater evil or train of evils, in any society, or under any government on earth, than the perpetuated enslavement of a race of millions. To the immeasurable injury of millions, perdition of body and soul, to the ruin of the oppressors as well as the oppressed, we have continued this dreadful system, when we might have put it away at a blow, rather than incur for ourselves the least prognosticated inconvenience. The phantasma of the designation of our pro-slavery generals, the chimera of unsettled loyalty in the Border States, the peril of the wrath of Kentucky, and of rebellion in the Democratic party, are held to be sufficient reasons for withholding the common rights of humanity from a whole race, whom we still retain in bondage. Another generation of slaves in bondage was an evil not worth considering, in comparison with the exaggerated cost, to ourselves, of the effort for their immediate emancipation. We could contemplate, without horror, the sanction and sustaining of this injury, but the resolution to renounce and abolish it was too dreadful to be endured.

WE GOD WILL NOT ENDURE THE INJURY.

One human being, laid beneath an empire, will rock it to its foundations, when the appointed time of justice comes. An ounce of gunpowder in the heart of a mountain of adamant, may be kept quiet so long as you can keep it in darkness, from the touch of flint or fire. But give it freedom, let it explode, and the strength of the mountain is shattered. You cannot build upon it, and bring it to a standstill, the hammer of justice will be sounded, the hammer of the clock, instead of ringing out the triumphal peal of liberty and knell of oppression, should like a Thor's thunder stroke, smash the clock itself, and the liberty stroke to fragments. You cannot strike one of God's eras with a hammer that strikes right and wrong together. Put nothing but the right in this last blow, nothing but principles that you can trust for all time, for it is an occasion more critical than that was when Washington said, Put none but Americans on guard, to night?

To make this blow decisive, clear the way, prepare the avalanche only for the enemy, let none of your own forces be within his lines, draw off the interests of freedom from all complicity with those of slavery, poise your exterminating masses on the brow of the mountain, and then, as the patriot Hofer shouted in the Tyrol, when he gave the word to launch the catenar of rain upon the enemies of his country, "In the name of God, and command, then the solid walls and all their goings go off into the air, in fragments."

We believe all things secure for liberty. If slavery is spared, the rebellion is spared, and justice is crucified. The rebels are invited to place themselves in power, by choosing Senators and Representatives, and in that case, their privilege of human submissiveness in the South will be uninterrupted. They shall still be at liberty to buy and sell the millions of their fellow creatures, as a prey to the unscrupulous and unrighteous.

WE RENEW OUR DEMAND FOR JUSTICE.

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WE HAVE ALL THINGS SECURE FOR LIBERTY.

tion of it as an instrument of present virtues and glorious promise. Our very abolitionists takes a step backward, and admits a covenant with hell, for the sake of half a heaven.

The Proclamation offering the security of slavery to such States or portions of States as shall, on the first day of January next, be represented in Congress, by the election of members thereto, of a Republican President, has proved the one grand means of strengthening the rebellion, and the one grand obstacle to our success in the war. In the page of history there is no more remarkable instance of a righteous providential retribution.

You refused to do justice to the enslaved, you would not interfere to deliver the oppressed out of the hand of the oppressor, you pledged yourselves not to interfere, and the fulfillment of that pledge is your own inevitable ruin. You would not be faithful to that which is another man's, and now God has made that very unfaithfulness the cause and reason for your failing to get possession of that which was your own.

Now, if our government was not blind and perverse, beyond all example, they will be warned by these indications, and will pursue that policy which alike the rage of foes and the exultation of our enemies rage against it. That harpoon has gone into their vitals and drawn blood. Their rage shows the efficacy of our treatment. They see only the proposition and intent of emancipation, and in their fury, they score to look at the proposition of continued slavery by submission. We also, in our eagerness and earnest determination of a settlement by freedom, look only at the word emancipation, and demand that it be universal.

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## Family Miscellany.

WHY?

BY RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

Twenty millions, held at bay!

Why, Northmen, why?

Less than half maintain the day!

Why, Northmen, why?

With the pluck, the dash, the skill,

With the blood of Bunker Hill,

Why, Northmen, why?

Stealing yet are Sumner's walls—

Why, Northmen, why?

Slumbering yet the "avenging balls!"

Why, Northmen, why?

Charleston left to scoff at ease!

Richmond vaunting as it please!

Teator taunts every breeze!

Why, Northmen, why?

Hear our wounded eagle wail!

Why, Northmen, why?

Sealed, bound hand trail!

Why, Northmen, why?

Coward England mocks again!

Courtly Paris shags disdain!

Cordial Russ' throbs with pain!

Why, Northmen, why?

By this fierce, but fruitless fight,

On! Leaders, on!

By your waste of loyal might,

On! Leaders, on!

By the blood that soaks the sod,

By the Brute that bite the eel,

By the souls gone up to God!

On! Leaders, on!

By our Past, so bright-brown'd,

On! Leaders, on!

By our Future, starry-crown'd!

On! Northmen, on!

By the South, deceived, misled,

By our Hundred Thousand Dead,

Who for South and North have bled!

On! Northmen, on!

DECEMBER 1, 1862.

A correspondent sends us the following reply to the above.

For the Principia.

BECAUSE.

Northmen, you have little wrought,

Because opposing God.

Strength and riches count for nought,

Because you spurn his rod.

Faith in you, in freedom's fight!

Faith to bantink's dearest right!

Blind to hisy's warning light!

Because of slavery.

Rebel bulwarks firmly stand,

Because the wrong you shield,

Rebel flags respect demand,

Because the truth you yield.

Came this bowing down to sin!

Cease this counseling of man!

Your brave soldiers fail to win,

Because of slavery.

Parrot sires bled in vain,

Because we are untrue;

Parrot sons are wounded, slain,

Because we sin pure.

Thus we freedom cast away!

Thus we dearest rights betray!

And our blood and treasure pay—

Because of slavery.

Hence—keep your Declaration,

On your God relying!

Reserve your proper station,

Tyrants all defying!

Honour your grand commission!

Honour your high position!

Humbled, distrusted nation.

Strike now for liberty!

Our noble Constitution

Save, save for liberty!

Maintain its every section;

Destroy foul slavery!

Freedom will our Union bair!

Freedom elevate mankind!

Then peace, sweet peace we'll find;

Union and Liberty!

E. F.

SONG.

HURRAH FOR THE WINTER KING!

Hurrah, hurrah for the Winter King!

Who moans and whistles, and tries to sing

As he steals through the stately hall;

With his hoary head and silvery locks

He marches in, for he never knocks,

And writes upon every wall.

Hurrah, hurrah for the Winter King!

Who rides the storm with light'ning wing

Touching both forest and lake;

He traces his heliographic scrawl

On our window, before we awake.

Hurrah, hurrah for the Winter King!

Who gives us o'er everything—

Mountain, valley, and plain,

Spreading along, some shrouded ghost,

Down to the sea, and along the coast,

Or venturing out on the main.

Hurrah, hurrah for the Winter King!

Who mirrors himself in every spring,

Rivulet, fountain, and fall;

Into mansions and cottages he will sleep,

And steal the last kiss from those who sleep,

Who will wake not 'till the angels call.

—London American.

W. MARSH.

For the Principia.

SUSY'S CHRISTMAS.

"Aunt Kate, tell me a story—please do!"

"O, yes, auntie! a story! a story!" And

Willie and Carrie Hudson, forgetting the newly

acquired treasures with which the floor was

strewed, clung to each Katie's skirts, while

bright, expectant eyes, and noisy tongues

clamored for the "story."

"A story on Christmas day? Who ever

heard of such a thing? Why, Carrie, you

haven't got tired of Miss Genevieve, yet, have you?" And Willie—

"But, auntie, you know we've eat up all

our candy, and I can't try my new skates

to-day, because it rains, and—"

"And Genevieve is taking a nap. She got

so tired, last night, going all around with

Santa Claus, that I've put her to bed," in-

sisted little Carrie.

"And you're sure she won't wake up, till

I finish my story?"

"Yes, sure."

"Well, then—now what kind of a story do you want?"

"O, a Christmas story, aunt Kate!"

climed in Willie, who had drawn up a chair,

and seated himself as closely to his auntie, as

the immutable laws of the material universe

would allow. "A Christmas story?" Carrie

therupon proceeded to climb into Katie's lap,

and gaze, with earnest expectancy, into her

face.

"Shall I tell you a story about Susy Lester's

Christmas, and what she found in her stock-

ing?"

"O, yes! What did she find?" exclaimed

Carrie, impatiently.

"What do you guess?"

"A wax doll?"

Aunt Kate laughed, and shook her head.

"Perhaps she got a little china tea-set?"

Carrie ventured again.

"Not right yet, Carrie."

"Skates! skates!" shouted Willie, very

confidently.

"No, indeed, Mr. Willie! Try again."

"But why not skates? Girls do skate,

you know. I wish Carrie was big enough to skate

with me!"

"She got a paper of candies, anyhow, didn't she?" suggested Carrie, doubtfully.

"And didn't her uncle John send her a picture book, all about elephants, and camels, and lions, like mine?" added Willie.

"I'll tell you presently, but I must begin at the right end, if I am going to tell you a story. So be very patient, and I will tell you all about Susy Lester's Christmas. Susy Lester was about eight years old, at the time of our story."

"Just as big as me!" exclaimed Carrie, drawing a long breath.

"All? You wouldn't have thought anything else was needed to make Susy happy, if you had seen her, that day. I don't believe any of the little girls that got wax dolls or singing-babies, and pounds of mixed candies, spent a merrier Christmas! She was very eager to know all about the 'little old man,' so Mrs. Lester took her in her lap, and told her how the story of Santa Claus was all made up for fun, and that little girls' mammas got their presents, and how she was poor and couldn't afford to buy any of those beautiful things in the windows, but she had tried to do the best she could, for her little girl. Susy didn't care, though, for the shop windows, nor anything else. She had a dollie, and she named it 'Mary,' and she rocked it, and sang to it, and talked to it, and dressed and undressed it, and even tried to make it share her candy. She didn't ask her mother for a story that day. And so passed many Christmas with Susy Lester."

Willie drew a long breath and whistled, and then went to try on his new skates, for the twentieth time; while Carrie proceeded to arouse the dark-eyed, waxen Genevieve, and relate to her the story of Susy's Christmas.

L. G.

needed to investigate the contents of her stocking. And now do you think she found? A real rag-baby, with arms, and legs, and head, and with a calico dress on! There was something else, too; she drew it out—a whole stick of candy!"

"I'll tell you presently, but I must begin at the right end, if I am going to tell you a story. So be very patient, and I will tell you all about Susy Lester's Christmas. Susy Lester was about eight years old, at the time of our story."

"Just as big as me!" exclaimed Carrie, drawing a long breath.

"All? You wouldn't have thought anything else was needed to make Susy happy, if you had seen her, that day. I don't believe any of the little girls that got wax dolls or singing-babies, and pounds of mixed candies, spent a merrier Christmas! She was very eager to know all about the 'little old man,' so Mrs. Lester took her in her lap, and told her how the story of Santa Claus was all made up for fun, and that little girls' mammas got their presents, and how she was poor and couldn't afford to buy any of those beautiful things in the windows, but she had tried to do the best she could, for her little girl. Susy didn't care, though, for the shop windows, nor anything else. She had a dollie, and she named it 'Mary,' and she rocked it, and sang to it, and talked to it, and dressed and undressed it, and even tried to make it share her candy. She didn't ask her mother for a story that day. And so passed many Christmas with Susy Lester."

Willie drew a long breath and whistled, and then went to try on his new skates, for the twentieth time; while Carrie proceeded to arouse the dark-eyed, waxen Genevieve, and relate to her the story of Susy's Christmas.

L. G.

LEUTZE'S NEW PICTURE AT THE CAPITOL.

EMIGRATION TO THE WEST.

A picture always should, and a good one always does, tell its own story; but it is not everybody who can read a tale, it is never so plainly told; while even to those of quickest apprehension and greatest intelligence the translation of a picture's meaning into words certainly does not diminish—if it does not add to—the pleasure of a first inspection. To others, the gratification of many wishes depends upon it. For these reasons, the following brief description of the picture, and of the purpose of the artist who painted it, has been prepared.

The subject selected for representation—Emigration to the West—may fitly be regarded as one of the chief causes of our national prosperity, and the picture appropriately occupies the panel of the southwestern staircase, as the first of a series of four works of the same class which it is proposed should form the decoration of the panels of the four grand staircases. In the left side margin is a child padding in a tortoise shell, gulls and flying-fish, Arion on the Dolphin, the dove with olive-branch, sailor-boy, argosy of the golden fleece, child with fruits, the wise men of the East following the star to the West. In the middle of this margin is a portrait of Daniel Boone.

In the left side margin is a child padding in a tortoise shell, gulls and flying-fish, Arion on the Dolphin, the dove with olive-branch, sailor-boy, argosy of the golden fleece, child with fruits, the wise men of the East following the star to the West. In the middle of this margin is a portrait of Captain Clark.

The lower margin contains a view of the Golden Gate, the entrance to the harbor of San Francisco.

In painting his picture, Mr. Lentz has employed, for the first time in this country, the new stereochromatic process, which has superseded the fresco painting of the middle ages.—*Post.*

THE ANGEL OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

We are permitted to take the following interesting extract, from a private letter from Brigade Surgeon James L. Dunn, written to his family in this place.

Thrilling the history of heroic women, however bright the story of Florence Nightingale, they lose much of their interest to the American heart, when supplanted by such true womanhood, philanthropy, and self-sacrificing spirit, on the part of one of our own country women. How the heads of the men, who let our wounded soldiers die from thirst and starvation, within twenty-five miles of Washington, when no food was near, should hang with shame at the recital of this incident.